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to read and a book to look at and a book to keep ever at hand to cheer a sad moment or add grace to a dull one.

"Quiet Days in Spain." By C. Bogue Luffman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1910.

Mr. Luffman, whose "Vagabond in Spain" was so successful and readable a volume, gives us here further desultory jottings from his diligently kept note-book of that medieval land. Having wandered over forty-two of the forty-nine provinces of Spain, living and making friends with all sorts and classes of people, going over more than seven thousand miles of land travel, the author has had opportunity for observation accorded to few. The net result of the work is to make Spain appear the strangest, the most foreign country left in Europe. The world is becoming uniform, but apparently Spain still lies outside that circle of influence. "Poverty," says the author, "is the most painful and haunting fact of Spain." No change and no improvement, the author thinks, can come from within until the Church is virtually suppressed. The author, however, thinks that as the great playground of the world, luring and fascinating, Spain is without parallel "the great unrevealed store of the South—a part of Europe, a link with Asia, an offshoot of Africa. . . . In race, language and ideal ever varying, she is one only under the impulse of religious fervor; a motherland, yet everywhere with the unformed heart of a child; a remnant of the age of mysticism; the victim of discredited institutions; a holder to faith without works; misled by an Eastern love of gauds, favors and rewards; possessed of a fine soul, but savage by reason of the hot blood coursing through her veins."

If the suppression of the Church and its attendant evils should ever be compassed, would not Spain tend at once to become of a piece with the rest of our ordered and appeased globe and cease to be a picturesque playground?

The book is not illustrated, which is always a flaw in a book of travel. Pictures can do so much toward making the text real and convincing. The author is undeniably desultory and will tell an anecdote of an old couple's ingenuity and wickedness in half a dozen instalments and in as many different chapters. To picture Spain, however, in all its crudity and high color, this book serves better than any recent volumes on the topic.

"A Manual of Spiritual Fortification," being a choice of Meditative and Mystic Poems made and annotated by Louise Collier Willecox. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

Because an anthology is only of worth in so far as it expresses a personality, so that its form and kind and very being are determined by the taste and temperament of its maker, precisely therefore it has the peculiar fascination of all indirect self-revelation, with its beguiling half-confessions and tantalizing reticences, its bewildering sympathies and illuminations that defy analysis. Any one who should be drawn to read this "Manual of Spiritual Fortification," by Louise Collier Willecox, by knowing already her gallant and goodly volume of last year, "The Human Way," would find confirmation here of all that he might have conjectured as to the author of those essays, so full of heart and thought and spirit,

so sensitive to all the unutterable beauty of the visible world, so tender to all the piteous fallibilities and more piteous virtues of our human kind. What, on the other hand, he could make out if he came unprepared to this exquisite purple volume with a Greek gem on the title-page, a transformed thyrsus on the cover and a motto from the Psalmist, very troubling in its *intimité*, it would take long to say even in outline. At any rate, he would see first of all that here was somebody to reckon with, who knew what she thought and, furthermore, respected what she thought. Then that the author had not only thought deep, but read wide and, more than all, had reached high; conventional standards, conventional judgments, had no part here. The shaping spirit of imagination, which has made out of a mosaic an entity, out of dead men's utterances a vital and personal confession of faith, is the spirit of inexhaustible charity and tireless love, of inextinguishable confidence in the Good that is greater than we, of indomitable courage in the hour of agony and in the conflict of despair, that holds fast in the utter darkness because it believes in light. It is the Manual of such as know themselves soldiers in the City of God.

Nobody can quite spare a book like this. On the little table of the invalid, the sleepless, the overworked, it belongs inevitably; for such it has always a short word and a perfect word, brief matter for long meditation. But by just as good right it belongs on the low shelf at the right hand of the professional bookman. To him its wide range will especially commend it, stretching from thirteenth-century texts to pieces which are still only procurable as clipped from magazine or newspaper; and wheeling from "Thy gardens and Thy gallant walks" to "Out of the night that covers me." To have at one's elbow the best of Lionel Johnson's almost unprocurable poems and some of Father Hopkins's, which are completely inaccessible, is a gift to call out thanks, and almost as acceptable because as rare are selections from mid-century poetry like that of Professor Dowden and the late F. W. H. Meyers. But the book is nowise prejudiced in its unconviction: it offers clergymen as well as journalists, Catholic priests alongside of Unitarian ministers, the lyric ecstacy of George Herbert, the tender piety of Keble, the spiritual travail of John Byron, the exultant battle hymn of R. D. Blackmore. It is a Manual of faith no less than hope and love; nay, more, it is the Book of the Discipline of the Sons of God.

The notes are all too few, but they are personal and suggestive—the running comment of one who has gone over the way before. Nor should the critic need to praise the rare felicity of some titles that the compiler has supplied when such were wanted; to Shakespeare's Sonnets, for instance, and Drummond of Hawthornden's Madrigals and the several sections of "In Memoriam." The whole is like an hour spent in the Interpreter's House: it is of the most universal and exquisite appeal, a Handbook of the Practice of Perfection, a Guide to the Habit of Courage. And if there are men who do not need courage and do not want perfection, they, more than all others, will find it very full of human interest.

"Romantic California." By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

If Mr. Luffman's "Spain" falls short for lack of illustration Mr. Peixotto's "Romantic California" is all illustration with a negligible cur-